

Mountain View



A newsletter by and for the Randolph Community, published by the Randolph Foundation

Dracula's Revenge

By Robert Kruszyna

It was a long time in coming. Back in 1984, along with our friend, Gordon Mann, Harriet and I planned a self-guided trip by car to the Balkan countries, then all behind the Iron Curtain. Our proposed itinerary took us down the Adriatic Coast of Yugoslavia - Split, Dubrovnik, Sarajevo, Kosovo - to Lake Ohrid in Macedonia. We planned to enter Bulgaria to visit the Rila Monastery, the most spectacular Orthodox monastery outside Russia. Then on to Romania and Dracula's castle, the painted churches of Moldavia, and the Carpathian Mountains. Finally back through Budapest and Haydn's haunts at Esterhazy to Vienna. At the Bulgarian border, we ran into problems over visas, money, automobile paperwork, etc. Having already encountered enough hassles with Communist bureaucracy in Yugoslavia, we fled north to Budapest and Austria, cutting our trip short.

In 1992, we signed up for a trek going from Sofia south through the Rila Mountains to the monastery, climbing Musala, the highest peak in the Balkans, along the way. Not enough people booked, so we were deflected to the Pindos Mountains in northwestern Greece, where we wandered over the top of Grammos Peak briefly into Albania. Check it off! In late 2006, Gordon, who had by now visited Bulgaria and Romania, put us on to a travel company that organized small-group (eight or less) tours to both countries, which could be combined. Adding a couple of independent destinations filled out the month of May 2007.

Outwardly, the two countries resembled the Europe we had come to know and understand from our numerous visits there. Moreover, Romania and Bulgaria had on January 1, 2007, been admitted to the European Union. One assumed that they had met the EU's criteria, political (i.e., democratic), economic, and cultural. To the last-mentioned, both countries had long Western traditions. They were both essentially Christian nations; their writers, composers, and artists had studied in Vienna, Paris, Budapest and Berlin. But democratic? Well, in a sense. Since the overthrow of Soviet-supported Communism, they have carried out contested elections, but invariably have returned to power the same old gang, now restyled as "Socialists". Economically, in keeping

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Randolph Foundation Has New President

By Cathy McDowell

The Annual Meeting of the Randolph Foundation was held in August at the Randolph Church. The meeting signaled a changing of the guard with longtime President John Mudge stepping down after five years as President and fifteen years as a member of the Foundation's directors and incorporators. Those assembled thanked John for his commitment and stewardship of the Foundation.

Cathy McDowell stepped in as the new President. She was joined by Sandy Wier as secretary and Raina Scarinza as Treasurer. The other board members for FY 08 include Lynn Hunt as chair of the scholarship program, Jean Malick who will manage the Lifeline Project, Scott Meiklejohn as chair of the Finance Committee and David Tomlinson, Ravine House Site/Durand Lake Recreational Area.

At the meeting Cathy passed out a brief survey which solicited feedback from the community on their perception of the role and goals of the Randolph Foundation. She said that the board would use this information to guide their work and help them set up priorities. Approximately 30 surveys were returned to the Foundation. The following is a summary of the survey results. They are listed in order of the most responses:

1. Mission of the Foundation is/should be:
 - Develop the quality of life in Randolph and the surrounding communities through thoughtful grants
 - Model Leadership
 - Help people in Randolph who need help
 - I don't know
 - Student scholarships
2. Priorities for the Foundation:
 - Scholarships
 - Framing a vision for Randolph as part of Coös County
 - Develop leadership
 - Newsletters and communication
 - Conservation
 - Social service
 - Lifeline/elderly programs

See "Randolph Foundation", page 3

Meeting notices, inquiries, comments, and ideas are welcomed and encouraged. Please send materials for the *Mountain View* to Alison Tomlinson, 204 Durand Road, Randolph, NH 03593 or treehome@ne.rr.com by the 15th of the month preceding publication (publication is quarterly: September, December, April & June). The *Randolph Weekly* is published weekly in July & August. Send notices by Tuesday of each week to Gail Scott at 603-466-5498 (call or FAX); or gss@ncia.net; or 162 Randolph Hill Road, Randolph NH 03593. The *Blizzard* is published the first of each month except July and August. Please send all notices for the *Blizzard* to Barbara Arnold, 466-2438; barnold@ne.rr.com or 403 Randolph Hill Road, Randolph, NH 03593. *Blizzard* materials by the 24th of the preceding month. If you are not receiving the *Blizzard* and wish to, please let Barbara know. A grant from the Randolph Foundation makes all these publications possible.

Mountain View Publications

Randolph Foundation
PO Box 283
Gorham, NH 03581

Jackie Bowers Cross, Publisher

Alison Tomlinson, Editor

Barbara Arnold, Design / Production

Town Directory**AMBULANCE 911****BOARD OF ADJUSTMENT** (Chair, Ted Wier)

466-3970

meets at 7 PM the 3rd Thursday of the month.

BOARD OF SELECTMEN (Chair, Ken Lee)

466-2392

Secretary, Rodney Hayes; Treasurer Connie Chaffee

Meets at 7 p.m. at Town Hall every other Monday, call for schedule.

466-5771

BUILDING PERMITS. See Board of Selectmen**CEMETERY TRUSTEES** James Penney, Jim Baldwin, & Suzanne Santos**CONSERVATION COMMISSION** (Chair, Jim Meiklejohn)

466-3818

DOG LICENSES See Town Clerk. Obtain or renew by the end of April.**FIRE DEPARTMENT - ALL ALARMS - CALL 911**

Randolph Chief, Dana Horne

FOREST FIRE WARDEN (Rebecca Parker) Call for Burning Permits

466-2332

GRS COOPERATIVE SCHOOL BOARD Meets at 6:30 p.m. on the 3rd Tuesday of the

month; location alternates between the 3 towns. Contact the SAU Office

466-3632

LIBRARY (Librarian, Yvonne Jenkins) phone July & August -

466-5408

Open July & Aug. -Mon. 7 - 9 p.m.; Wed. 10 - noon, 3-5 p.m.; Sat. 10 - noon;

open Sat. in June and Sept. 10 - noon; trustees meet the 3rd Mon. of each month

PLANNING BOARD (Chair, John Scarinza)

466-5775

Meets at 7 p.m. at the Town Hall on the first Thursday of the month.

PLATFORM TENNIS ASSOC. (President, Dave Tomlinson)

466-2150

POLICE (Randolph Chief, Alan Lowe)

466-3950

RANDOLPH CHURCH (Moderator William May)

Sunday morning services July & August (10:30 a.m.).

RANDOLPH COLLOQUY**RANDOLPH COMMUNITY FOREST COMMISSION** (chair, John Scarinza)

466-5775

Meets at 7 p.m. at the Town Hall on the 1st Wednesday

RANDOLPH FOUNDATION (President, Cathy McDowell)**RANDOLPH LIFE SQUAD — Call 911 in an emergency**

Co-Directors Bill & Barbara Arnold 466-2438.

RANDOLPH MOUNTAIN CLUB (President, Jamie Maddock)**ROAD AGENT** (Mike Gray)

586-7840

SUPERVISORS OF THE CHECKLIST

Denise Demers, Michael Sewick & Lois Amirault

TAX COLLECTOR (Scott Robinson) by appointment; call the Town Hall

466-9856

TOWN CLERK (Anne Kenison)

466-2606

Town Hall hours: Mondays 9 - 11 a.m. ; Wednesdays 7 - 9 p.m.

TOWN HALL (Secretary, Rodney Hayes) Mon. - Fri.; 8:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

466-5771

TRASH COLLECTION Must be at roadside by 7 a.m.

Trash - every Tuesday; Recycling, sorted & bagged - 1st Thursday of every month.

TRUSTEES OF THE TRUST FUND

Judy Kenison, Michelle Cormier, Michael Sewick

Community Calendar

(NOTE: For recurring meeting schedules see "Town Directory" on the left)

December

15 Christmas Party at the Town Hall

21 Caroling Party at the Hunt's, Randolph Hill Rd., all are welcome; 6:45 p.m.; bring a dessert/appetizer to share

24—Jan. 1 GRS Schools closed

24 Christmas Eve Service 4 PM, Randolph Church

January

2 GRS Schools reopen

8 Primary election, polls open 11 AM to 7 PM. Please see Blizzard for the location.

21 Martin Luther King, Jr. Day; GRS Schools closed

February

RMC's Cabin Fever Reliever

Square Dance

14 Valentine's Day

19 President's Day

25—29 GRS Schools closed

March

17 St. Patrick's Day

20 First Day of Spring

Building Permits

07-06 Barbara Turnbull is rebuilding and enlarging a wood shed.

REMINDER

Randolph property owners are responsible for ensuring that they or their builders receive any necessary permits before beginning any construction. Building permits must be approved by the Selectmen. The Selectmen need time to review all permits, so please remember to submit them early enough to allow that process.

"Randolph Foundation", from page 1 ...

2. Priorities for the Foundation (continued)

- Worthwhile projects that support Randolph
- Support the RMC to provide trails and easements
- Support a major new project for 3-5 years
- Culture and conservation
- Improve bathrooms at the pool

3. Important things the Foundation currently does:

- Leadership development
- Scholarships
- Communication
 - Community awareness issues
 - Support of Town Projects
 - Unmet needs of Randolph & North Country communities
 - Lifeline

4. How could the Foundation be more effective?

- Communicate what the Foundation does, what its history is and what the grant application process is
- Put more money into scholarships
- Identify community needs and priorities
- Legal assistance for trail easements

The board of directors has met twice since August to review these comments and to begin to set up some clearer policies and procedures for the organization. The Board is currently working on developing:

- ⇒ A clear definition of the roles and responsibilities of the Board of Directors and the Incorporators
- ⇒ An updated mission and vision statement
- ⇒ A new set of policies for investment management, gift acceptance and spending
- ⇒ A Randolph Foundation web site
- ⇒ A Randolph Foundation brochure which includes giving priorities and a history of the organization
- ⇒ A grant application process

The board members are engaged and excited about the possibilities that this Foundation offers. We feel that we have a unique opportunity with the Foundation to be creative and make a difference in the future of Randolph and other communities in Coös County.

If you are interested in finding out more about the Randolph Foundation or if you have ideas that you would like to share, we encourage you to contact any member of the board.

President	Cathy McDowell	cmcdowell@ne.rr.com
Secretary	Sandy Wier	tswier@ncia.net
Treasurer	Raina Scarinza	iscarinza@ne.rr.com
Scholarships	Lynn Hunt	lhunt001@ne.rr.com
Lifeline	Jean Malick	jmalick@ne.rr.com
Finance	Scott Meiklejohn	smeikle@bowdoin.edu
Durand Lake	David Tomlinson	treehome@ne.rr.com

"Dracula", from page 1 ...

with capitalism, they have privatized many of the formerly nationalized companies. However, as in Russia, that same old gang of insiders ended up buying them at ten cents on the dollar, looting the assets, and sequestering their illicit gains in Swiss bank accounts. Corruption is endemic, a way of life for those at the top. They may be called oligarchs but racketeers is a more appropriate term. Indeed, the political and business bosses resemble Mafia dons. And worse yet, too many of the ordinary people display the Communist attitude summed up in the statement, "We pretend to work and they pretend to pay us." My feeling is that, in applying its criteria, the European Union is guilty of grade inflation.

Several reasons come to mind. From a political point of view, it is desirable to detach Romania and Bulgaria from the Russian orbit, as the EU has done with Poland, the Czech Republic, Slovakia, Hungary, and the Baltic countries. A second reason is creating an additional pool of cheap labor for the Western European countries. Thus hordes of young and well-educated Bulgarians and Romanians are migrating to wealthier EU countries, where they work as nannies and gardeners - and still make more money than they can with their university educations at home. This exodus is much to the detriment of their own countries' futures. And last but not least, because both countries are poor, there are fantastic economic opportunities for predatory Western businesses. For example, the British have already cornered the real estate market on the Black Sea coast of Bulgaria. And the French automaker, Renault, has bought the sole Romanian car company, Dacia, once a state-owned jewel of the Communist regime.

Just as the history of Poland has been determined by its position between two powerful nations, Germany and Russia, so the destinies of Bulgaria and Romania reflect their location between the Austro-Hungarian and Ottoman Empires. In the Middle Ages, Bulgaria was the most powerful country in the Balkans. But shortly after the fall of Constantinople to the Ottomans in 1453, it was conquered and occupied by the Turks. Not until 1878, when the Russian army with the help of Bulgarian irregulars liberated Bulgaria, was it constituted again as an independent state. Well, more or less. Socially, the Turkish influence is still marked. Just taste the delicious cuisine of skewered kebabs, roasted red pepper sauce, and stuffed eggplant! And of course, the Russians have intruded heavily in matters Bulgarian ever since the liberation. At one time, the Turks and Bulgarian converts to Islam may have been half the population, but they have been driven out or forced into a back-of-beyond region of the country, and now num-

ber about ten percent. I sneered at the smug and hypocritical claim that there are no problems with the Moslem community. Why should there be, since it has mostly been exiled?

In Romania, the scenario is similar, except that it was never occupied by the Turks, although they invaded frequently and controlled sections of the country through satraps. Present-day Romania combines three different regions into one country. The country is sharply divided by the "Carpathian arc", a mountain barrier swinging south from Slovakia and, in the middle of the country, extending due west toward Hungary. To the south, the Danube Plain, known as Wallachia, is inhabited by descendants of the aboriginal Dacian tribes interbred with the occupying Romans of the first two centuries AD - the original "Romanians" as it were. To the east toward Russia, Moldavia, there is a mixture of Romanians and peoples of Slavic descent. Transylvania, the northwest sector, was originally populated by a Magyar tribe called Szeklers. In order to help resist the Turkish invaders, they invited people from Saxony (Germans) to settle, giving them land and tax breaks. The ethnic Romanians who lived there were serfs. So one had the Catholic Hungarians on top, assisted by the Lutheran Saxons, ruling the indigenous Orthodox Romanians. Ultimately, Transylvania came under Austro-Hungarian hegemony.

Over the centuries, there were numerous short-lived unions of Wallachia and Moldavia, culminating in an independent Romanian state in 1877 (under Russian auspices). But Hungarian-dominated Transylvania eluded the net. In spite of the fact that the Romanian king was a German prince, Romania entered World War I on the Allied side with the express goal of acquiring Transylvania. At the Versailles peace conference, Queen Marie (a granddaughter of Queen Victoria and the most important figure in modern Romanian history) successfully lobbied Clemenceau, Wilson, and Lloyd George to cede Transylvania to Romania. Romania played its cards right in World War II as well, switching from the German side to the Allied side as the Russian tanks approached its borders.

Since then, the once-majority Hungarians have either left or been forced out, constituting now only seven percent of the total population. Likewise, the Germans have dwindled to a mere half a percent. Indeed, the infamous Ceaușescu "sold" ethnic Germans to West Germany at \$8000 apiece! This "hostage program" netted the Romanian government approximately one billion dollars.

One ethnic minority lingers on despite longtime and

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vigorous efforts to drive them out or to eliminate them altogether - the gypsies. They are officially designated "Roma", no relation to Romanian you can be sure, and they number perhaps one million, five percent of the population. They are blamed for everything that is wrong in Romania and are despised by everyone. It is instructive to note that gypsies, not only Jews, were victims of the Holocaust; indeed perhaps as many millions of gypsies as Jews were murdered. Since they were outcasts, no one kept track of their numbers. While it is true that they "live off others" by stealing, squatting, cheating, and prostitution, they are unfairly persecuted. They are a visible scapegoat. The real reason for Romania's ills is the wholesale corruption practiced by business and government.

Nowadays most Bulgarians and Romanians follow the eastern Orthodox religion. We were taken aback by the fervor of their faith. In churches and monasteries alike, believers were crossing themselves constantly. They knelt on the hard stone floor, putting their foreheads to the cold floor, mumbling prayers. Every church has its "miracle", a religious relic like the bone of a saint. The worshipers kissed the relic or icon, prostrated themselves in prayer, and then crawled under the "miracle" in order to receive its blessing. It was hard to believe that this was happening in the 21st Century.

Meanwhile, conversely, the behavior of western European tourists. In the religious sites, women wearing tight pants, bare shoulders, plunging necklines, hatless. Men in shorts and tee shirts. A German snapping away inside a church where photography is expressly forbidden. An Italian talking animatedly and loudly on his cell-phone in a cool quiet chapel where it was prohibited. Rude and crude, thoughtless and offensive. Although I am a non-believer, it made me wonder whether our self-centered secularism is superior to "that old-time religion".

As is inevitably the case with "quick and dirty" tours of two or three weeks, the emphasis was on monuments: churches, monasteries, historic houses, museums, castles. And of course, the standard folk dance and music performances in exclusively tourist restaurants, which we boycott even though we are paying for them. That there were only the two of us on the Bulgarian portion and six in Romania, along with two weeks of traveling on our own, did give us, however, an unusual chance to "get under the skin". Further, I remind you that we traversed Bulgaria in a chauffeured Mercedes, our driver, wearing a shirt and tie, creased pants, and shiny pointed shoes, leaping out to open the car doors and then standing at attention awaiting our orders.

We arrived in Sofia on May 1, a day ahead of the official tour, partly to recover from jet lag and partly to visit some venues not on the tour. We had forgotten that May Day is a big holiday in Socialist countries and thus most places were closed. In Bulgaria, May Day no longer celebrates the "solidarity of the proletariat", but rather has become a nationalistic festival. The main square was full of groups in regional folk costumes setting up to parade. Of particular interest was a band of young men playing bagpipes made of sheepskins turned inside out. Serving as a backdrop to these activities stood the gigantic Alexander Nevski cathedral with its golden onion domes, a monument to the 200,000 Russian soldiers who died in the liberation.

By contrast, Bucharest, the onetime "Paris of the East" is a dump. Shabby, littered, crumbling. Sure, cell-phones are universal, the young women sport low-hanging pants and bare midribs, the businessmen wear Italian suits and shiny pointed shoes. Very modern and totally superficial. In the downtown, every second storefront is boarded up, the windows covered with newspaper and adorned with graffiti. As the buildings slowly fall apart, the abandoned stories above have been taken over by squatters. And they are not all gypsies either. Indeed, the most inviting commercial establishment we saw was a clean, bright MacDonald's! Too bad we don't eat junk food.

Located at the end of a winding and rough road, with snow-capped mountains as a background, the Rila Monastery lived up to its reputation. Inside the protective walls, arcades sheltered the monks' cells as well as the common rooms, kitchen, refectory, library, etc. As there are now only a few monks living in the monastery, we were able to visit a typical monastic cell, something which would not have been possible had we been in a group. Spartan it was, but not truly primitive. Something like a vintage cabin like Lowe's in Randolph. An anteroom quartered the monk's acolyte, who acted as both student and servant.

But what captured one's attention was the central church, its walls inside and out adorned with magnificent frescoes. Not a square inch of wall space was undecorated. Along with depictions of Christ, the Virgin Mary, the Disciples, and innumerable saints, the paintings displayed scenes from the Bible - Jonah in the whale, Abraham and Isaac, Jesus preaching in the temple, and many whose significance I have forgotten.

Two scenes in particular predominated both here and on most of the Orthodox churches and monasteries we visited in both countries: the Last Judgment and the

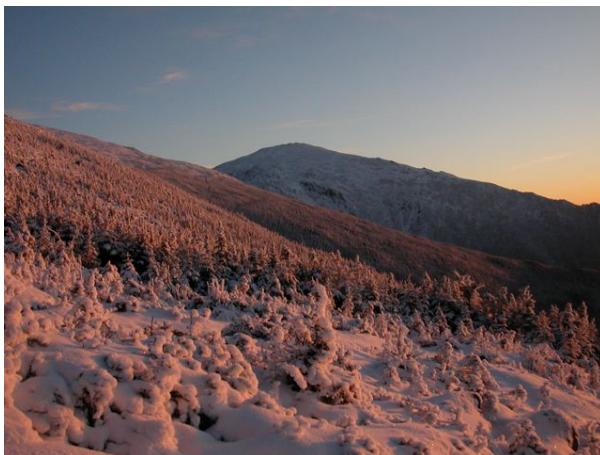
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Dormition of the Virgin. In the former, which usually occupies a whole wall, Christ sits at the apex, an image of the Father above him, with Disciples and Saints arrayed on either side like a jury. Beneath there is a balance; shades of the paintings in the Pharaohs' tombs in Egypt! There is Moses, tablets in hand, leading the Israelites born before Christ. Off to the side are the non-Christians, including especially the Turks wearing turbans. Cascading down below Christ's throne is a river of blood in which drowning sinners are being carried to Hell. The lower portion of the fresco illustrates the torments of Eternal Damnation. It was overwhelming.

The famous "painted churches" of the Bucovina region of Moldavia were similarly decorated. The purpose of these graphic images was to instruct - and intimidate - the illiterate and superstitious peasants. Most of the scenes were painted starting in the 10th and 11th Centuries, but the tradition has been carried on. Indeed, we saw one contemporary church with a recent Last Judgment painted in the archaic style. One group of Orthodox churches had no exterior decoration, the churches of the northern Maramures region which had long been under Hungarian rule. The Catholic Hungarians forbade the Orthodox Romanians from building churches of stone or stucco, so they turned to wood instead. The architecture of these wooden churches bears a startling resemblance to that of the austere wooden Lutheran churches found in Scandinavia. Actual Lutheran churches - the fortified Saxon churches - are scattered about Transylvania. With the departure of most of the German population, they remain as museums.

To be continued



Northern Presidentials this Fall.
Photo by Sally Manikian.

Pain Free Book Review

By Dave Tomlinson

Recently on one of those typical 75 degree late October days Alison and I decided to hike over to Pond of Safety for lunch. From the house we crossed the Ravine House lawn and up the Ledge Trail to Lookout Ledge. There's a nice new bench to rest and enjoy the view. Then up the Crescent Ridge trail, along the Four Soldiers trail to the pond. The RMC trail crew has rebuilt the path to the pond, making it a nice place to sit on the rocks and eat lunch.

On the way home we took the Miriam Underhill trail back up to the ridge. Unfortunately the leaves had fallen from the Silver Maples but it was fun to slosh through the deep dry leaves. When we reached the Ridge trail we realized we were running late for Alison's paddle tennis game at 4pm. A quick look at the map would have been prudent but instead we headed right, back towards Lookout Ledge. As we crested Mt. Randolph time was running short so a fast pace down the trail was in order. The leaves were deep hiding the trail surface so you just had to deal with whatever your foot landed on. In a survival mode, I started to think of the wisdom learned in a book I had just finished called *Pain Free* by Pete Egoscue.

Pete's theory is that the body is designed to maintain its health through a long lifetime. Episodes of pain are aberrations that can be easily treated if the body is permitted to do its work. Armed with an understanding of how our skeletal structures move in a functional way will allow us to stay in balance and align the joints so they don't wear out. When we allow our posture to get out of whack it leads to non-functional muscles taking over to hold us up. This results in strains and sprains and pains. A simple test, hold a gallon jug of water or milk over your head for 10 seconds, now move it out in front at about 30 degrees. Feel the added strain on your muscles. The first three chapters deal with this understanding.

Chapters four through eleven deal with specific joints from the feet to the neck and their interrelations with specific E-cises (which are more like relaxing dysfunctional muscles) to relieve pain. This way you can go straight to the problem area and fix it. Chapter twelve deals with sports related pain relief and thirteen gives a maintenance program to remain pain free.

I haven't started on the E-cises but have started to correct my gate (walking like a duck) which I always thought I inherited from my Mother. This should reduce the added joint rotation which ultimately results in the need for knee and hip replacement. The focus on staying erect and in balance got me to the bottom of the Ledge trail with only a slight stumble and Alison to her paddle game on time.

First Tracks on the Berry's Logging Road

By Alison Tomlinson

Yesterday we received a 6-inch snowfall and decided to test our cross country ski equipment on the logging road behind our house. We are grateful that the Berry's continue to keep it mowed and during the fall we walk it regularly and try to clear any limbs that have come down after Auvie's job is completed. We are motivated by the selfish knowledge that when the snow comes we will be able to enjoy a run up and down the road.

The enjoyment of snow and all the activities surrounding early winter temperatures brings back memories of days spent in Tamworth, New Hampshire where my parents rented a house. We loved the view of the Passaconways and Tripyramid and all of the surrounding hills. We had moments of glory and moments of dismay. The best flying saucer day came after a sleet storm and the hillside was coated with boilerplate. We finished breakfast, put on our jackets and rubber boots and grabbed the aluminum saucers with handles for a spin on the hill. We had not realized that gravity would take us ever faster down the hill into the trees lining the driveway of the old farmhouse at the bottom of the hill. By the end of the morning we had worn holes in our rubber boots in an attempt to prevent collisions.

The old farmhouse had a small pond that we regularly checked to see if it was ready for ice skating. When we were anxious to make the first cuts in the ice we persuaded my sister, Louise to go out on the pond and jump up and down on the ice. Unfortunately, we had not had an extended period of cold and she got soaked. My brothers and I were guilty of egging her on and that was typical family dynamics.

The best wet snowfall we received generated the desire to see how large we could make our snow balls. Again, the hillside created an ideal playground for pushing an ever larger quantity until the balls were mounds the size of a small car. We managed to find the energy to leave the house and go to Mt. Whittier for downhill skiing when we were done.

Leaving the rented house to go back to the Boston area for school was always difficult and at times chaotic. My parents turned the heat and water off, crawling under the house with a 2-foot space to drain the pipes. In the confusion of packing the car we managed to forget the family dog, Thunder, a miniature dachshund who really did not love the snow. We had bought him a nice dog sweater and he had promptly walked into the woods in the fall and lost it. After driving for 5 minutes down the dirt road we realized that there was a family member missing, turned around and went back up the driveway where on top of a snow bank was a forlorn Thunder.

Those fall and early winter days in that house created wonderful memories to share with the family.

Opera Fans

Bob Kruszyna, classical music enthusiast who served for five years as chairman of the Opera Seminar program at Dartmouth College, wishes to ascertain whether there is interest in forming an opera group to meet once or twice a month during late fall and winter next year, 2008-2009.

There are several possible formats. One, for people who are interested in but rather unfamiliar with opera, an introduction to the art form featuring well-known works. Another, at a more advanced level, series with a theme, i.e., Slavic opera, French grand opera, early 20th Century ("modern") opera, *verismo*. Third, series featuring specific composers: Wagner, Rimsky-Korsakov (he wrote 13!), Rossini, Janacek, Britten.

The basic resource would be Bob's extensive collection of opera videos, DVD's, records, and CD's. A nominal fee would be requested to defray expenses. Please call Bob at 466-3845 if you are interested.

And, of course, wine and cheese at intermission!

Real Estate Transactions

August 9, 2007

From: John Westcott Stewart Trust
To: Christine Westcott Stewart White
Warranty deed

August 20, 2007

From: Douglas P. & Kathleen M. Currier
To: Kathleen M. Currier
Quitclaim deed

October 3, 2007

From: Louis A. Auclair
To: Louis A. Auclair Revocable Living Trust
Quitclaim deed

October 19, 2007

From: John M. Berry & Mary C. Berry
To: John M. Berry & Mary C. Berry, Trustees of the John & Mary Berry Qualified Personal Residence Trusts
Warranty deed

November 9, 2007

From: Antonia Kenny, William Kenny & Beverly Steele
To: Donald E. Kenny, Jr., Sven Kenny & Erik Kenny
Warranty deed

Our Adventure in the Great Gulf

By Edith Edwards

As most of you know, Mom loved Randolph and the White Mountains with all of her heart. Every summer, it was a tradition for our family to either climb Mt. Washington or ride up the auto road or cog railway. As a young child climbing with Mom, Dad and Jim, the mountains seemed daunting to my childhood eyes.

One afternoon many summers ago, Mom, Dad and I made our annual pilgrimage to the summit of Mt. Washington. It was a cloudless day and we sat in a sheltered spot to enjoy the view and partake of our sandwich lunches. After lunch, Mom, ever the adventurous and daring climber, was tempted by the Great Gulf Trail. We started our descent down the rockface amidst swollen streams of water. When we got below timberline, we took a respite from our unexpectedly long and arduous journey to enjoy the remains of our lunch.

Before long, it became apparent that darkness and night were fast approaching. The light from our flashlights was weak and ineffective and our wet matches thwarted our attempts to make a torch to light our way through the woods. Even though the sound of the traffic was within earshot and we knew we were so close, the saturated ground and the darkness prevented any further progress. Of course, these were the days before cell phones and computers so we had no choice but to set up camp as best we could.

Meanwhile, back at Sugar Plum Farm, my grandparents Hortense and Jim Alexander and my young brother Jim were frantic with worry and had called the local rescue squad to begin a search for the three of us. Later we would discover they would miss finding us by only a few thousand feet.

Back at our makeshift "Camp Edwards", Mom and Dad were protective, capable and caring. We prepared pine bough beds for ourselves and were somehow able to build a fire for warmth. By some miracle, none of us rolled into the fire as we slept. When daylight arrived, we emerged from the woods. Needless to say, my grandparents and Jim were overjoyed to hear Mom's voice at 6:30 am from the nearby pay phone.

The memory of my parents' tender love and protection that night on Mt. Washington is a heartwarming reminiscence and brings me solace now that they are both gone. My parents were the light and the warmth in the darkness and cold that night and at many other moments throughout my life. We all have moments in our lives when we feel lost and afraid in the darkness but daybreak does come and with it, the opportunity to begin anew and find our way. Each day is a new beginning.

This was written by Edith Edwards and read at her mother's memorial service in Randolph on July 28, 2007, by her aunt Beatrice Alexander.

Barbara Wilson Eulogy

By Paula E. Bradley and Friends of Barbara

OCTOBER 27, 2007

Dear Barbara. What a wonderful person she was. Always doing something worthwhile and helpful, constantly active. Even when sitting she was almost always knitting some beautiful sweater, or doing needlepoint. Even in these last days with her eyesight failing, she was knitting. She could feel her way. Nothing was ever finished. She would take out what she had done, and start again, but she said she needed to keep her hands busy.

Barbara was born in Clifton Springs, NY, but grew up in Buffalo, and summered in Randolph, NH. She graduated from Radcliffe College in 1943 and was married to Donald Wilson in 1945. They lived abroad for the next 26 years where Don was an officer in the American Foreign Service, Department of U.S. Information Agency. They lived in New Zealand, Denmark, Finland and Iceland. During all those years overseas, Barbara was the superb hostess, having parties or an open house for a visiting dignitary, always welcoming guests with warmth, good cheer and delicious food. In 1970 Don took early retirement from the Service and then became Executive Assistant to the President of the University of Vermont in Burlington. That move brought great joy to Barbara, since they were within a few hours' drive of her beloved Randolph and she could again spend her summers there. He retired in 1976 and they moved year round to Randolph and built a lovely house that Barbara designed, on the same property, but a bit away from the summer cottage.

Randolph was the place of fondest memories for Barbara. Her mother had bought a fabulous summer cottage there, with balconies and ladders, heaven for children, and there she, her mother and her brother Fred spent the summers, eating at the Mountain View House, a small hotel just down the road, and doing all the wonderful things that summer people did in that delightful community. I will read memories of those times by her best friend Nancy Torrey Frueh. They capture one part of Barbara, and I'll also read from the memories of other friends, Al and Judy Hudson, about the Randolph Mountain Club.

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"Remembering Barbara Wilson

When they were settled in Randolph, Barbara (and Don) proceeded to become involved in everything. Barbara was Vice President of the Randolph Foundation, was elected to the Planning Board in 1984, and was chair from 87-90. During that time land use regulations were drafted and the subdivision regulations were revised. There was a lawsuit about a subdivision in '88 that ended without litigation in '90. Barbara was very active in Home Dem, and AAUW, where she worked diligently on the annual book sale. This brought in thousands of dollars for scholarships for local students. One friend, Anne-Marie Favreau, said, "She loved mysteries. She was so worldly; there were always snippets of knowledge transferred to whoever was in her presence. Her voice was memorable... reminded me of Julia Child's voice. I cherish the memory of wonderful meetings at her home in Randolph. She was very welcoming...she had designed lovely name tags for us."

A number of Barbara's friends have shared memories of her with me. Here's what Al and Judy Hudson have written about Barbara:

The Randolph Mountain club was the center of activity in Randolph in those days, with organized hikes, a tea to open each summer season, and picnic with charades in August. Barbara was on the Board of the RMC 14 times, served as treasurer for 14 years; was Vice President for two terms (1978/9, 1980/1) and President once (1967/8). When she and Don retired to Randolph and built their lovely year round house (designed by Barbara) she did valuable informal work for the club, particularly in the winter, when she became the official "winter representative" of the Club, and den mother for the winter caretakers. When the club began to sell hats, she had them for sale, the same with T-shirts. Short hikes, long hikes, work parties like a 1979 trip to Crag Camp when the club rebuilt the front porch, Barbara was there – usually in a striped shirt, dungaree cutoffs, a large fanny pack, and later with the knee braces she wore going downhill. She was a solid walker, a cheerful presence, and one of a few special adults on RMC hikes with whom our children loved to walk. She would talk with them and dignified their words while she engaged them with her no-nonsense responses.

She was enthusiastically there for the annual charades, a prime actor for the Midlands, memorably playing a somewhat crooked real estate agent trying to sell a con-do-mini-yum.

I got to know Barbara about 40 years ago when they returned to Washington from overseas, and she

started coming to Sorgenfrei in the summers again. In 1961 the Bradley family had bought a cottage right across the street from hers. When she returned we became good friends, and hiking buddies – just the two of us, or on the longer RMC trips. She was a wonderful source of knowledge of the local flora, invaluable companion when one went to the Alpine Gardens on Mt. Washington in the spring. She knew the names of all the flowers and taught all her friends to recognize them.

Our family owes an enormous debt to Barbara and Don, who were surrogate parents to each of our three sons at crucial periods in their young lives. We'll never know how much Barbara and Don helped them with food when they were hungry, and cash when theirs ran low, and encouragement and warmth when they most needed to be loved.

For years the Wilson's' home was a place of rescue for winter caretakers in trouble, and a warm and friendly haven when they came down from the cold mountains to a hot shower, a great meal, and wonderful companionship.

Here are two tales of the essential nature of their help. In 1980 on Easter Sunday when caretaker Jeff Tirey, whose father now lives at Heritage Heights, and his companion were caught in an avalanche that carried them about 1,000 feet down the Great Gully, she marshaled the forces for the rescue. And another time, a caretaker, Doug Mayer, was coming down the Valley Way, quite near the bottom, when he fell and broke his leg very badly. He managed to splint it with a broken branch and T-shirt, and hop the rest of the way, get in his car and drive up the hill to the Wilson's house. There he sat in the car and honked the horn; could do no more. Don was not amused, but they did go out to see what the commotion was all about – and of course, took over from there – called the ambulance and so forth. Barbara, always there when she was needed.

My son, Paul Bradley shares this:

Barbara once wrote in a letter to me that she had always thought of herself as second or surrogate mother to me, and I shared her feelings. Barbara was enormously kind and loving to me through the forty years we knew each other, always supportive, interested, and concerned. She gave me a wonderful gift beginning in 1967, at an age when I was searching for direction, in my early teens. She invited me to join Will Woodruff in helping her make trail signs for the Randolph Mountain Club. As her willing apprentices, we learned how to use the router to carve letters in

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Remembering Barbara Wilson, continued ...

boards of pine, and to sand and paint the signs we crafted from those boards. Over the course of that summer, Barbara was elected President of the RMC and the Sign Chair job was assigned to my mother, who let me have free rein in making the signs until I eventually was officially given the job myself. Barbara prepared me well for my job. Not only did she teach me how to make the signs, she also had developed a brilliant cataloguing system to keep track of every sign in the RMC trail system. Every summer for the next five years, I walked every mile of trail, and, using her system, inspected every sign, grading each one for wear, damage, or loss—from the claws of a bear or theft by a souvenir seeking hiker. I can always recognize Barbara's finely crafted signs, a number of which are still there more than forty years later, hanging in protected corners of the woods throughout the mountains. They are distinctive, as were all of Barbara's creations—their routed letters thinner than those that my successors and I made, with a better quality of paint that has stood the test of time. On her signs, the stacked RMC insignia appeared for the first time, another of Barbara's creations. Barbara helped "brand" the RMC as we say in marketing. Barbara's gifts to me and to each of us are too great to list, but I feel them in my heart and I thank her for her gift of love as I say goodbye today

And this from Nancy Torrey Frueh, her best friend:

Barbara and I first met when we were five years old. My family and I came to my parent's old summer stamping ground, the Mountain View House, in 1926, and Barbara, Fred and their wonderful mother, Mrs. Hubbard, took their meals there. Barbara and I knew immediately that we were kindred spirits, and thus began a close friendship that lasted for over eighty years.

What did we do, Barbara and I? Well, everything. When Buck Rogers was the current rage, we took porch rocking chairs out onto the lawn, draped steamer rugs over them, and turned them into space ships. She was Buck Rogers and I was Killer Kane. Barbara and I climbed mountains together, and made dolls' clothes together, and sat in the blueberry patch consuming berries together, and singing every song we knew together. Of course we had other great friends—Marian Davis, Sally Alexander, and Dolly Ogilby, in particular, and we all did things together, including forming a sort of club—The Mountain Monkeys. One summer, come Charade time, we learned that the adult Midlanders didn't want to bother with a charade, so Barbara and I, with Mrs. Hubbard to goad us on, decided to get the Midland kids together and represent the Midlands ourselves. We selected the word "Perpetuate" to be done in three scenes—"Purr pet" (for which we assembled

any cats we could beg borrow or steal, "Chew eight" (which involved chewing gum in unison for a count of eight), and then naming a new mountain discovered by the RMC. Guy Shorey, a famous photographer of the White Mountains, came to the picnic and took a picture of us Midlands charaders. (A copy of it can be seen at the reception.) In 1934, Klaus Goetze, a Randolph notable, came up with the fabulous idea of putting on Gilbert & Sullivan's "Pinafore" in the Crescent House barn, and Barbara and I begged him to let us be in the chorus of sisters, cousins and aunts. He finally agreed, but stipulated that nobody under 13 years old could be in the operetta. It was one of the most marvelous events of our lives.

When we were teenagers our parents sent us to camp, and for four years Barbara and I were in the same tent together at Camp Farwell in Vermont. It was during that time that I found that Barbara could write quite wonderful poetry. I always looked forward to hearing Barbara's poems read beside the campfire.

Next, in our late teens we became involved in the Experiment in International Living, though not together. She went for a summer to Colombia and I was in Peru. When we got together afterwards to compare notes, we discovered we had learned different Spanish songs, so we taught them to each other and then went along Randolph Hill Road, or up to Grey Knob, or on RMC trips, singing them in harmony. Then we both got married and went our separate ways, though we kept in touch always. Barbara Hubbard Wilson may be gone in a way, but she will always live in my heart.



Cairn above treeline. Photo by Sally Manikian.

2007 Randolph Tax Rate

Submitted by Ken Lee

The Randolph Tax Rate for 2007 was certified by the NH Department of Revenue Administration this fall at \$16.27 per thousand dollars of valuation.

This rate is up \$0.27 from 2006. The increase is due to an increase in the Local School rate of \$0.48. The Town rate remained unchanged from 2006 at \$4.07, while the State school rate and County rate both fell offsetting \$0.21 of the increase.

Randolph Tax Collector Scott Robinson said that bills will be in the mail the week of November 11th.

	2004	2005	2006	2007	2007 vs 2006	% Increase
Town Rate	\$4.14	\$3.94	\$4.07	\$4.07	\$0.00	0.0%
Local School Rate	\$5.25	\$5.82	\$6.22	\$6.70	\$0.48	7.7%
State School Rate	\$2.80	\$2.46	\$2.33	\$2.29	(\$0.04)	-1.7%
County Rate	\$3.77	\$3.15	\$3.38	\$3.21	(\$0.17)	-5.0%
TOTAL RATE	\$15.96	\$15.37	\$16.00	\$16.27	\$0.27	1.7%

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Life Squad Receives Grant

The Randolph Life Squad is the recipient of a grant from the Randolph Foundation for the purpose of purchasing a new Automatic External Defibrillator or AED. The AED has been received and is now ready should the need arise. The grant proposal requested funds that were bequeathed to the Foundation by Eleanor Barschall to be used for health and safety projects in the town.

This replaces the original AED which was purchased through grant money many years ago thanks to Ann Kitson's efforts. The original unit was stationed in the home of Life Squad members to be brought to any calls in town. Over the years, the defibrillator has been maintained and checked for the Life Squad by Bill and Barbara Arnold. Protocols for CPR and AED's have evolved and are now different from the original unit. Due to changes in technology, the original AED was no longer able to be upgraded to meet the new standards. The new unit, a ZOLL AED Plus, not only meets all the new standards but is capable of being used as a training module when teaching CPR / AED classes and is able to be used with pediatric patients. The Life Squad is very grateful to the Randolph Foundation and Eleanor Barschall for allowing the squad to upgrade this very important piece of equipment. A second unit, also a ZOLL AED Plus, was received through a Rural Access Grant a few years ago and is located at Lowe's Store.

Early use of AED's during a cardiac emergency has proven to make a significant difference in survival. Please take the time to learn how to use these life-saving devices by enrolling in a CPR / AED class near you. If you would like more information regarding classes in Randolph, please contact Barbara Arnold at 466-2438 or barnold@ne.rr.com.

RMC News

By Doug Mayer



Sally at Gray Knob.
Photo by Doug Mayer.

As a mantle of snow settles in on Mount Adams, so too have RMC's winter caretakers ensconced themselves at Gray Knob. This year's caretakers, Sally Manikian and Mike Street, bring a wealth of experience to the jobs at hand. Mike, a three-year RMC trail crew veteran, worked most recently leading an AMC trail crew in the

Blue Hills, outside of Boston. Sally, a longtime caretaker, served as RMC's spring caretaker this past season, before heading to a summer at AMC's Imp Shelter in the Carter Range. Mike and Sally will be working week on, week off. In their off weeks, they'll be using the winter quarters at RMC's Stearns Lodge. We hope you get a chance to visit them at Gray Knob and enjoy our camps in the wintry months.

On the trails front, the news this fall occurred both high on the mountain and down on our more local paths. Up above treeline, a four-person fall trail crew repaired an alpine stretch of Lowe's Path, between the Quay, near Gray Knob, and Thunderstorm Junction. The project, funded by the Waterman Fund and the US Forest Service, included relocating and rebuilding cairns, along with construction of low "scree" walls, new rocks steps, and other work to reduce erosion and keep hikers on a clear path. The crew worked for nearly two months. Photos of the project, including a slideshow of "before" and "after" pictures, are available on the RMC web site at randolphmountainclub.org. While staying at Gray Knob, the crew also thoroughly brushed the Spur Trail, Edmands Col Cutoff and sections of Gray Knob Trail and Israel Ridge Path.

Closer to home, the crew recleared the "Eyrle" viewpoint near Lookout Ledge, and built a simple, rustic wooden bench at the site. The project was paid for by donations received in memory of Eleanor Phinney, and was completed with the generous permission of landowner Helen MacLennan.

A fun volunteer work day in early November yielded a dozen hearty RMC friends, to help clean the waterbars and ditches on our paths, once the leaves had fallen. The following weekend, Al Sochard fielded a group of six volunteers. All told, more than 20 volunteers helped clean the waterbars and ditches, to keep the water moving off our trails and reduce erosion. Our youngest

volunteer, 5-year-old Kai Parlett, did a great job helping out on the Bee Line, with her mom Sarah, and Martha Phinney. Thanks Kai!

RMC welcomed three new board members this fall. Jim Baldwin returns to the RMC board, after a number of years off. Our new Treasurer and sign-stenciler extraordinaire, Regina Ferreira, joins the board, as does Cristin Bailey. "Bailey," as she's known to her friends, lives in Gorham, and works managing trails for the White Mountain National Forest. Previously, she was in charge of AMC's White Mountain Trails. It's great to have her years of expertise on RMC's board.

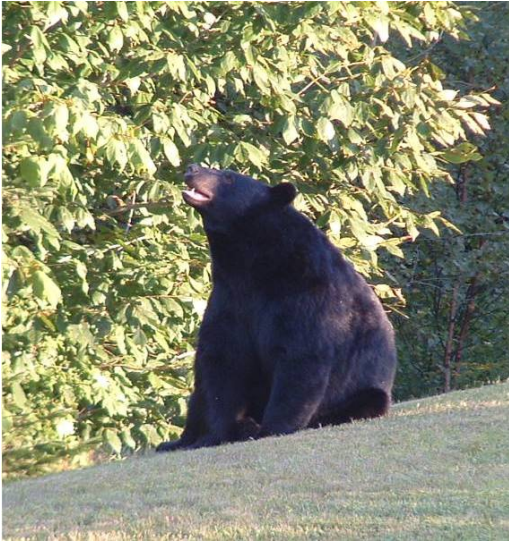
Finally, this fall, we were yet again reminded of the impermanence of all things, and especially our trail bridges, as John and Jim Tremblay rebuilt the rotting decking and railings of the Baldwin Bridge over Moose Brook. This time around, RMC used "green" pressure treated wood, which should last longer than the untreated wood that was used in the last edition of the bridge—perhaps long enough to be, well, a different generation's challenge the next time around? Time will tell.

Already, we're beginning to think about next summer. Before long, we'll be interviewing for caretakers and trail crew. Anyone who is interested, and over the age of 18, should visit the RMC web site for more information.

Thanks to all who helped RMC make 2007 a memorable and fun year. We look forward to seeing you on the paths, no matter the season.



Jim and John Tremblay rebuilding the Baldwin Bridge. Photo by Doug Mayer.

Scenes from around Randolph

A large bear was visiting the area this summer and fall. Photos by Yvonne Jenkins.



Laura Conchelos with Fall Trail Crew member Will Manty and Dan Rubchinuk sitting on the new rustic, native bench built at the Eyrie, in memory of Eleanor Phinney. They had just finished reclearing the view there. Photo by Doug Mayer.



Madison Malick enjoying the November Snow around Lake Durand. Photo by Alison Tomlinson.



First snow at new Town Hall. Photo by Alison Tomlinson.



Photo by Sally Manikian

*May the season bring you peace , joy
and love of family and friends.*

~ The Mountain View Staff

April Issue

Election results and Dracula's Revenge, Part 2 will be featured in the April *Mountain View*. Please send articles and information pertinent to the Randolph community to Alison Tomlinson either by email: treehome@ne.rr.com or on disk to 204 Durand Rd., Randolph, NH 03593.

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